

I'm a Dream Doll

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I'm a Dream Doll

by [PeppDream \(Pep_Pizza\)](#)

Summary

Clay is a doll. A cursed doll with a creepy smile, sitting in a creepy antique shop. Clay had already been resigned to his fate. He'd already long accepted that he was going to remain a doll, possibly forever.

But when a skinny british boy buys Clay and takes him home, Clay realizes that there might be a chance for him to survive after all.

Notes

Heyo! If you're here from "The Dream Doll," I welcome you to storytime with Clay's POV~ :D

A reminder that this is PART TWO of my series "A Dream Doll." This story will not make sense on its own. To understand it, you will have to go to Part 1 of this series. The chapters of both stories will also line up 1:1 (they're just told in different POVs), so if you want, you

could supposedly jump back and forth between the fics every chapter.

I hope you enjoy this extra side-story!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

I'm a Doll

Clay is conflicted.

Two teenage boys had just entered the antique shop. They were clearly friends, bickering amongst themselves. They're both of similar height, but the taller one has a wider frame compared to his friend. Clay watches with mild interest as the two scour through random products. Not many customers ever come into the shop, so Clay has found a hobby in studying those who do.

The taller one appears to be the one that wanted to enter, since he's actively studying the items. The skinnier one hangs in the back, appearing uncomfortable. His eyes rove the room, pass by Clay. Then, to Clay's surprise, jump back to him.

Clay freezes (or, if he could move, he imagined he would've froze just then). The boy's brown eyes are trained right at him. They're not intimidating, but rather curious. The guy takes a step towards Clay, and Clay begins to internally sweat.

I'm being looked at!! Clay's internal warning alarms rang, *You've been noticed! After so long, someone has seen you!*

Clay waits with bated breath (or, he would've if he could breathe as a doll) as the boy's slender fingers wrap around his torso. His brown eyes narrow, probably scrutinizing Clay's doll smile. In return, Clay observes his face. It's narrow in comparison to his friend's wider one. Clay figures that some girls would find this face attractive.

He wouldn't mind it too much if this guy chose to buy him.

"What do you got there?"

The guy holding him shrugs, placing Clay back down on the table. "Just some creepy doll." At those words, Clay inwardly cringes. *Ouch*. Okay, there went his hopes. "Are you going to buy anything?"

"Yeah, this frog harmonica is hilarious. I'm gonna ask how much it is."

"Nice."

"What about you? Gonna buy the doll?"

Clay watches as he cringes. If he had any hope prior to this, it was definitely all gone now. "No way, dude."

"Why not?" The friend asks, poking Clay in the side, so that he teeters and almost falls over. "It's cute."

Then buy me!! Clay wants to shout. Hope is flaring in him. He hasn't had attention like this in... ever. If this boy didn't find his doll-self frightening, he might be more open when seeing Clay's mask too. Clay knew there probably wouldn't be another chance like this again, at least not in the next two weeks.

"It is *not* cute. It looks like something that would curse people."

Clay feels himself shrinking from the attack. *Did* he look that creepy? He knew his mask could

definitely be considered scary, but he'd always thought his doll self was alright-looking.

"Aw, come on, you should get it! You haven't even bought anything yet, you should get at least *something* by the end of today."

The boy hesitates, but... "No, it's creepy."

"Suit yourself, scaredy-pants."

And then the friend left, and Clay knew he lost his chance. There was no way the skinny boy would buy him, and his friend didn't seem all that interested either. Clay sighs inwardly, trying to convince himself it was alright. He liked the shop. He's been here for at least two months, and he doesn't mind sitting and doing nothing. The worst that could happen now was that he'd have to wait again, or leave by himself later on.

So Clay is surprised once again when he's grabbed by the shorter boy and taken to the register. A wave of confusing emotions crash inside him. What was he doing? Was he... no, there was no way. He said it himself that he thought Clay looked creepy. Then what was he planning? Why was he bringing Clay to the cashier?

"And what'll it be for you, young sir?"

"Oh, he's not—"

It appeared as if things were moving in slow motion. The man's hand moved forward, and Clay was placed onto the counter. Everyone's eyes were on him.

"Just this, please."

Clay bursts into awe. *What? Excuse me?*

"Ah," the lady brings Clay up to her face, closely scrutinizing him. Her hands feel wrinkly but soft. "A dream doll, I see. A good pick."

Psh, a dream doll? Was that what Clay was now? He almost wants to laugh out loud. He knew this lady was a scammer, but he hadn't expected that one. Honestly, he hadn't expected getting bought at all. So maybe there was a surprise element behind everything.

"Ok... well, how much is it?"

"That'll be twenty pounds."

Yep, definitely getting scammed.

Clay is placed into a brown paper bag. The walls of the bag prevent him from seeing anything, really. But if he peers upwards at an angle, he can sort of see the ceiling.

"Do not overthink it. After all, all those who come into my shop cannot leave without something from it."

Clay has heard this line a million times by now. And frankly, he still isn't quite sure what to make of it. Was it really just bullshit? Or was there some truth to it? Clay recalls the way George had looked when he saw him, like he was magnetized to Clay's doll form. Like he was hypnotized as he walked towards him.

...nah, it was probably bullshit.

Clay still can't quite believe what's happening. After months of being buried behind junk, he was suddenly being taken away? It leaves him feeling worried and excited. He still can't see much, so as the two friends leave the shop, he settles for eavesdropping. He needs to learn all that he can.

Smiley Man

Chapter Summary

There's a frown on George's face that Clay doesn't like. For a second, he actually becomes worried. What if George was so afraid of him that he actually tried to stuff him away into a drawer? Under the assumption that the drawer would be too small for Clay's body, Clay would then be unable to transform.

Clay feels himself start to sweat.

Chapter Notes

I REPEAT, this fic is the SECOND part of this series. Be sure to read PART ONE FIRST, if you haven't already.

I say this because two readers have somehow read this entire fic without realizing this is supposed to come SECOND, so this is a friendly reminder to please make sure you're in the right place. Ty ^^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The more they talk, the more Clay learns. The taller one is called Nick (and sometimes Sapnap, so Clay's guessing it's a nickname), and the one that bought him is called George. George speaks with a british accent, but Nick doesn't. Just as Clay was trying to figure out where Nick was from, the two friends had answered for him.

"Nick, you're going back to america tomorrow. Can you at least *try* to pack?"

"We still have the *whole* day, George. Let's play minecraft instead!"

And then their arguing voices had disappeared, probably gone off to do just that. Clay was still stuck in the bag, trapped with his own thoughts. Nick was from america? Nick could've... he could've been Clay's ticket out of here. He could've brought him back. Not to *Florida*, but, close *enough*.

Clay felt bitter about the whole thing.

Right now, he could've been in that old lady's shop. Or, tomorrow he could've been riding on his way back to america. But because of George... he was now stuck in this paper bag, having no clue where he was. Absolutely terrific.

At this time, Clay would usually be in the store, falling asleep and not worrying about anything. But right now, he couldn't afford to do that. He *had* to know what was going on around him. He could *not* fall asleep. This was new, dangerous territory. Clay had to be extra careful and attentive to his environment.

So he keeps his brain active, going through every possible scenario, waiting for one of the two

friends to remember him and maybe take him out of the stupid bag. He can occasionally hear their voices, but they seem to be coming from a different room, so he can't tell what they're talking about.

Then finally, *finally*, someone's voice is drawing closer. It's the american. "Alright George! Goodnight!" There's some shuffling sounds next to him. It sounds like... blankets(?) Clay thinks. Suddenly, the walls of the bag around him crinkle. A hand is taking him out of the bag, but Clay can immediately tell it's not George's.

Nick's face is what appears outside of the bag. Clay uses this chance to take in his surroundings: they're in the living room of an apartment, with Nick sitting on the couch and Clay's bag appearing to have been set on the coffee table. Nick amiably places Clay on the table before flicking off the lights.

And... huh. Why did he do that? Did Nick actually think Clay was a Dream Doll or something?

Clay watches in amusement as Nick readjusts himself onto his makeshift bed on the couch. Midnight was fast approaching. Clay had to make a decision quickly now.

Should he transform? Or not?

Honestly, he was tempted. Nick seemed like a nice guy. He might find Clay's mask not-terrifying, might actually listen to what he has to say, and even take him back to america. Of course, Clay didn't know enough about them, so really anything was possible.

Even still, Clay could perfectly guess what would happen. He had to be realistic: Nick would scream for help, and George would come running out of his room. The two would call the cops on Clay when he reveals he's unable to remove his mask, taking him for a liar or burglar. Then everything would be ruined. Clay knew better than to hope. He'd have to run away, because it was the best choice of action. But not now. Too many people around.

So he chose not to transform, and to go to sleep instead.

When he blinks himself awake, Nick's already gone from the couch. The suitcase that had been lying nearby is also gone, so Clay guesses the two friends have gone off to the airport together. He startles when he sees a shadow dart around the living room. A cat? Most likely.

Clay wonders when they left. Before 7am? That could've been his chance to leave. But he'd been too tired from having stayed up all day. He usually sleeps twelve hours a day in that antique shop, so he was unused to such exertion.

He'll leave tonight, then. When George has gone to sleep.

About half an hour later, the front door creaks open. Clay looks out the corner of his doll eyes to confirm George's presence.

"Hey Luca. Did you miss me?"

Yep, there was a cat in this apartment. Clay had guessed as much.

George's eyes suddenly fall on Clay, almost as if he had forgotten he existed. It made sense, granted he'd just left Clay on the table in his paper bag. Nick was the one that had to take him out.

There's a frown on George's face that Clay doesn't like. For a second, he actually becomes worried. What if George was so afraid of him that he actually tried to stuff him away into a

drawer? Under the assumption that the drawer would be too small for Clay's body, Clay would then be unable to transform.

Clay feels himself sweating. *Please, don't put me away*, he prays silently. *Just let me escape. I'll get out of your hair, I swear.*

A cloudy look falls over George's eyes, and he shakes his head, walking away. Huh. Clay lets out an internal sigh of relief. He's not sure what went on in George's head, but he's just glad he's been spared. He hopes George doesn't remember to come back anytime soon.

When it was midnight again, Clay would make his move.

Time is ticking. Clay fights to keep himself awake. Almost there. The shouting sounds coming from what he guesses is George's room have stopped. He must be asleep now.

Midnight strikes. Clay does a ten second countdown to prepare himself. Then the back of his brain tickles and he leaps out from the doll, his clumsy human limbs appearing before his eyes.

Thump, goes the table as Clay's ass lands on it.

A sigh from the other room. "Luca, what did you knock over this time?"

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

A quick note that I will not be mirroring each chapter perfectly, because I figure some sections would be pretty repetitive when there's not much for Clay to input. This is why I'll be skipping their first conversation together, and any other sections in the future that I find unnecessary to rewrite in his POV.

In Your Hands

Chapter Summary

Clay suddenly feels something. He's not sure what it is. Maybe because he looked lonely. Maybe because George standing there reminded him of himself. Clay brakes next to him. "Hey, George?"

"What."

"...do you not know how to ride a bike?"

Chapter Notes

Guys,,,, *whispers* it's my birthday,, o(>u<)o
Nyways thx bye hope u enjoy the chapter~ ^//^

Clay is glad George put him on the bed. More than anything, he's glad George actually kept his word and didn't throw him out. But... this man's pacing was going to make him go crazy.

Clay had spent all of the previous night playing with and cuddling Luca, and staying up had made him more tired than usual. His sleep schedule got all messed up being a doll so that suddenly becoming human felt weird. He had therefore spent most of the day sleeping in his doll form, and just woke up to find George pacing around his room like a madman. It was amusing at first, but being forced to watch this guy be anxious was even making *Clay* anxious.

I wonder how much longer he's going to keep this up, Clay thinks to himself.

Clay has a sort of internal clock (it came with the curse) so that when he was awake, he could tell how close midnight was. A couple minutes prior to his transformation, George had gently taken Clay and placed him on the other side of the bed. George had nice hands. Clay normally hates being grabbed in his doll form, but he didn't mind being in George's hands. For some reason.

Clay realizes George has sat across from him, choosing to wait for him to transform. It made sense he'd be curious. When Luca climbs out of George's lap to nudge Clay, he can't help giggling internally. George's cat was just so cute.

Midnight strikes, and the prickle in Clay's brain blows into full proportion. He leaps out of the white doll, landing in a criss-cross position. George jumps when he sees him, and Clay chuckles at his wide-eyed expression. "Miss me?" He asks.

They have a short exchange before George leads Clay to the kitchen. Clay hadn't been expecting much, but when he sees the pizza box, he can't stop the smile from splitting across his face. George was too kind. He was a total simp.

"Have you eaten dinner yet?"

“Oh. No, I haven’t.”

Clay didn’t think he could smile any wider, but here he was, grinning like a total idiot. “Aww were you waiting for me so we could eat together?” He watches George’s face twist into surprise, and the sense of glee he felt from teasing this man made Clay so *weirdly* happy. “George...!”

“N-no, you idiot! I was... I was just too nervous to eat.” He’s obviously lying. His face is *so* pink. “God, you’re so annoying.”

“You know you love me~” Clay jokes. He’s pretty sure George must at least not hate him, if he was willing to buy him a whole darn pizza.

They dig in. Clay helps himself, knowing George bought it mostly for him anyway. He finds it fascinating how George has already stopped frowning at the sight of his mask, as if he’s already gotten used to it. At this point, Clay thinks he already has a pretty good idea of who George is. And his perception is definitely leaning to the good side.

“God, ew~ Hold your burps to yourself, yellow man.” Clay frowns at the adjective, and George points, “Your hoodie.”

Clay looks. Hm... no, his hoodie is definitely still green. But George doesn’t look like he’s joking. “My hoodie is *green*.”

“Oh.” A beat of silence. Then, “I’m color-blind.”

“Oh.” Clay stares. He can’t help it, but he feels kind of bad for him. If he can’t even tell what color his hoodie is, wouldn’t that mean he couldn’t see the color green? That was just sad.

George avoids his gaze though, circling around the table to tug on Clay’s band. Clay knows what he’s doing — he’s checking to make sure he wasn’t lying about the mask not coming off. Even still, Clay asks, “What are you doing?”

“You still have eight pins,” George sounds disappointed. “I guess food isn’t worth living for.”

It was at this moment that Clay realized the pizza was only a method George used to try to help his curse. He’s not sure how to feel about that. The pizza was just a device to destroy the curse, not an... act of good-will, right? Clay’s not sure. In a way, just helping with the curse was an act of good-will too. Either way, George was helping. Clay decides that’s good enough for him.

“So... what now?”

Clay had asked because he thought George was starting to look tired — his eyelids were getting kind of droopy. It was an hour after midnight, after all. But to his surprise, George answers, “We’re going outside.”

“Oh?” Clay is surprised, but he masks it with a shrug. “Okay, I’m open to anything. Where are we headed?”

When George doesn’t answer, Clay realizes he doesn’t know. It must’ve been a split-second decision. Clay whispers a quick goodbye to George’s cat before following him out the door. *Oh*. A wide expanse of night sky stretches before him. Clay forgot about the existence of stars for a second there. He’s spent so long stuck in that shop, he has to say he’s missed the sight of them.

It was refreshing to know he was finally free.

The two walk a little, without any destination in mind. Clay finds it funny just how short George is compared to him. Almost finds it cute. He knows George is by no means *short*, but Clay makes a mental reminder to make fun of him for it sometime.

George has suddenly stopped, so Clay looks where George looks. He can't believe their luck. "George, look! It's a bike rental!"

"I guess so."

Clay feels excited. "We should totally rent a bike." It sounded like so much fun — him and George riding bikes side-by-side...

"Clay, no."

Oh. "What," Clay laughs, "why not? Come on, don't you want to help me make the pins fall off?"

He makes a pleading face, and it seems to work because George relents, "Alright, alright!" Clay grins with success. George was just so easy to manipulate. "But I'm just going to rent one for you."

Clay's smile falls a little. "What?" That wasn't what he had planned at all. "But I want you to ride next to me—"

"It's one or none, Clay."

It'd be weird to back out now, Clay supposes. "Okay, just one then."

Clay is about to follow George in, but he's stopped by a hand. "You look like a serial killer," he had explained, "it's better if I go alone."

"Oh," Clay frowns, "Right." He forgot about the mask for a second. Because he can see through it, he often forgets it's there. As George disappears into the shop, Clay stuffs his hands into his hoodie and waits. It's a little nerve-racking to be outside alone. Maybe because it brings back memories of his life before the antique shop. The days he spent standing under the stars, because they were the only friend he had. He's momentarily pinched by loneliness.

But it quickly disappears, when George comes back. Clay has never been so happy to see him. "Aww thanks George!"

"You're welcome," he mutters. Clay takes the bike from George's hands and swings his leg over, pedaling around quickly. He zooms around the empty street, wind whipping through his hair. It felt freeing — the streets in Orlando are usually very crowded, so an experience like this is novel to Clay.

He gives a couple happy whoots to the empty sky. "You sure you don't want to try?" He calls out to George. He looks so lonely, standing there on the sidewalk by himself.

"Positive."

Clay suddenly feels something. He's not sure what it is. Maybe because he looked lonely. Maybe because George standing there reminded him of himself. Clay brakes next to him. "Hey, George?"

"What."

"...do you not know how to ride a bike?"

When George grimaces, Clay realizes he has his answer. No wonder he so adamantly refused on

renting two bikes.

“Hey,” Clay starts, wondering what he’s thinking, “stand on the pegs.”

“Excuse me?”

George looks so surprised, it gives Clay the courage to keep going. “You don’t need to know *how* to ride a bike to ride *on* one,” Clay grins. He wants George to experience this with him. “Come on~ Trust me!”

George doesn’t move. Clay half expects George not to listen. Seconds of silence are dragging by, to the point where it’s becoming awkward. He’s just about to say “*nevermind*” when George suddenly takes a step forward. He slowly puts his feet on the pegs, resting his hands on Clay’s shoulders. His nice hands.

“If I fall off, I’m going to kill you.”

Clay feels himself light up. George trusts him. George was going to do this with him. “George, don’t worry!” he wheezes, “I’m a biking *god*.”

Clay finds his sense of balance, and he begins to pedal. It’s a bit weird having to account for an extra weight in the back, but Clay gets the hang of it quickly enough. The two zoom across the empty street, and Clay is happy. He feels amazing. He hasn’t felt this free in a long time. The cool air of the night slaps onto his cheeks, ruffling his hair, and George’s nice hands are gripping onto Clay’s shoulders a bit too hard, but they loosen as he rides on. This is nice. He feels nice.

“Oh my god, Clay!”

Clay jerks a little, surprised by the interruption of peaceful quiet. “George?” Clay shouts back, “are you okay?”

“Yeah, but, one of your pins just fell off!”

Oh. A waterfall of butterflies blossoms in Clay’s chest. “Ah-HA!” He’s so happy. He’s never been so happy, and he’s not sure why, but he just *is*. “I knew renting a bike was a good idea!” He shouts at the sky in celebration.

“Yeah, yeah, just take my job for me, why don’t you.”

George sounds happy too. But his voice is also tired. Clay is having fun and he doesn’t want the night to end, but he knows what he has to do. He turns the bike around, heading back to the bike rental. He warns George when he’s about to stop, seeing the glint of the pin in the middle of the street.

“It’s a souvenir of our accomplishments!” Clay had explained at the sight of George’s doubtful expression. He fills the rest of the ride back with one-sided conversation to make sure George doesn’t fall asleep. George’s responses are getting slower.

Clay ends up being the one to return the bike, because George is too sluggish to get anything done. The employee, strangely enough, doesn’t give them any trouble, despite Clay’s mask. Then Clay carries George back to the apartment on his back, fumbling around his pockets to find his keys and unlock the door. Luca is waiting for them at the doorway, tail wagging amiably. Clay gives George’s cat a fond smile, patting her once on the head.

“Oh my god,” George had yawned, upon getting tucked under the sheets, “Stop babying me.”

A little bubble of fondness bursts inside Clay. George is just so sleepy-looking. “George, you’ve done a lot for me today. Just sleep now.”

So his friend closes his eyes, and sleeps. Clay sits at his bedside, watching him, and petting Luca when he comes to join them. George looks peaceful. And Clay is grateful. He’s really glad he has George.

He’s really glad Sapnap wasn’t the one who bought him.

Your Sweet Dreams

Chapter Summary

“Clay...”

Clay jolts, missing his arrow at the last second. The dragon flies away safely, and an endermen he’s accidentally made eye contact with is coming for him. Clay groans in irritation, approaching the center as the dragon swoops down.

“Clay...” sheets rustle behind him, “So stupid...”

This was going to be a long night.

“Hey,” Clay greets, posed on George’s bed like a french girl. “What’s up?”

George ignores his provocative pose, merely complaining about the heat. Clay slides off the bed, heading to the kitchen to grab himself some food. As George had said, a fork and cup of untouched chicken noodle waits for him. The water from the boiler is still hot, so Clay prepares himself a cup. Luca makes a sudden appearance, popping up onto the counter. Clay grins, petting the cat fondly. “You’re the cutest, you know that?” He asks. Luca purrs back, in agreement, maybe.

Clay wonders what George’s plan for today is. The day before, he hadn’t seen George in his room for that long, so he’d assumed he went outside. Today though, he had spent a large majority of the time playing with friends. There’s no way he could’ve planned anything articulate.

He’s proven to be right when he returns to the room and George waves him over to the chair. “Have you ever played Minecraft?”

Ah. So this was the plan for today. Clay quickly looks around, makes a mental note that there’s only one computer. “Dunno,” Clay answers. “Probably?” He knows what minecraft is, and right off the top of his head, he can recall several things about it. But whether or not he’s actually *played* ? That was grey area. “Why?”

“You’re playing minecraft today, er, tonight. I think it’ll be a good distraction for you. Like, I can’t spend every night hanging out with you, or I’m gonna become sleep deprived and grumpy.”

Huh... made sense. “...Touché,” Clay remarks, setting his noodles aside to cook.

“You know if you’re any good at it?”

“Again, don’t remember,” Clay answers, plopping himself down in George’s chair. George hasn’t moved from his side. It looked like he wanted to watch Clay play a little. “Guess we’ll find out.”

The world starts up. The loading screen looks familiar, Clay thinks. His character plops into the world. Almost like second-nature, Clay’s hands know what buttons to press to change the view to third-person.

“*Georgenotfound* ?” Clay snickers, “But you’re right here!”

“Shut up.”

Clay’s hands move automatically, so quickly that even he’s surprised at himself. In fact, a lot of this is familiar to him. Tree go chop chop. Log into plank. Drag planks in a square formation to make a crafting table. Two planks for sticks. Wood pickaxe. Dig down and around. Build back up to the table. All stone tools.

George, who had been silent up to this point, suddenly speaks up, “What the fu—”

“Oh, a ravine!” Clay interrupts, having stumbled upon the formation as he was running. He peers into the giant pit, noticing a wooden structure close to the other side of the wall. That was a... mineshaft, right? He gets an idea.

“*Clay*,” George starts, “do *not* —”

Clay’s already jumped. He focuses on the point where he wants to land and, voila, successfully plops into the single cobweb. He looks over his shoulder to see George’s reaction, and can’t help the wheeze that escapes his lips. “George, don’t worry about me. I know what I’m doing.”

“You’re crazy,” his friend grumbles. “Since you’re clearly fine doing this without my help, I’m going to sleep.”

“Night George~” Clay grins, turning his attention back on the game. “Love you!”

“Just don’t wake me up.”

Clay pouts. “You have to say you love me back!”

“Good *night*, Clay.”

Clay snickers, but he keeps quiet after that, not wanting to wake George up. Jumping to the mineshaft had apparently been a good call. He found veins of iron ore everywhere, and a couple diamonds just sitting in minecart chests. After making himself full iron armor and a diamond pick, he builds back to the surface, barely escaping explosion by creepers. It’s already night, and there’s a desert ahead. He’s not sure why he wants to head there, but he follows his gut and does as it says.

After raiding a desert temple through means Clay was surprised he remembered, he finds a lava pool. An instinct inside him takes over then, and within seconds, he’s built himself a frame of obsidian. Huh. He stares at the water bucket in his hotbar, wondering how he knew to do that.

He runs away to find himself some flint, duels several skeletons, beats up a couple endermen, and 1v5s a herd of zombies. But he’s made it back to the portal. He lights it up and steps into the purple swirls. This is the nether, right? Clay remembers this. He needs to find a fortress and get blaze rods.

He turns the corner and— oh. There it is. Right across a giant pool of lava. He pearls and plops himself right where he needs to be. Farm the rods, and get out. It’s harder than it sounds; he didn’t make a shield because he’s an idiot, and stupid wither skeletons keep following him everywhere he goes.

Finally he gets what he needs, and he’s *out* of there. As Clay boats across the ocean, following the direction of the eyes of ender, he realizes he’s having fun. He sees George playing minecraft all the time, but he hadn’t known he’d find it so interesting. It also helped that he seemed to already know so much about it.

Clay finds a village and, by some unknown miracle, realizes he knows exactly what needs to be done to trade himself a handful of ender pearls and arrows. He already has a bow from the skeletons he fought earlier. He's basically ready to fight the ender dragon now.

Oooh the ender dragon. Clay keeps surprising himself with his own knowledge. That's what the arrows were for — destroying end crystals. Clay finds the stronghold under the ocean which he crossed, discovers an enchanted apple, and after a moment of indecision, he puts down a bed before jumping into the end.

It's just as he remembers it. Or, recalls from his subconscious? Clay doesn't *remember* anything, exactly. To him, this was basic information, like knowing how to tie a shoe. He doesn't forget the basic things, he just forgets learning to do them. Minecraft was definitely one of those things.

With surprising accuracy, Clay demolishes the end crystals with his many arrows. The dragon's breath sends him into the air, but Clay plays well, splashing out the contents of his water bucket.

"Clay..."

Clay jolts, missing his arrow at the last second. The dragon flies away safely, and an enderman he's accidentally made eye contact with is coming for him. Clay groans in irritation, approaching the center as the dragon swoops down.

"Clay..." sheets rustle behind him, "*So stupid...*"

Clay finally pauses the game, wondering if he's just hearing things. He slowly turns his head, staring at the bed. George is a sleep-talker? He waits for George to say more, but he doesn't, only breathing quietly. Hm... okay. Clay turns back to the game, swings a final time, and clears the end. Beating the game was surprisingly easy. Having brought torches with him, Clay executes the method to grab the dragon egg and keeps it with him as a souvenir.

As he respawns back in the overworld, Clay wonders what he should do next. As he reorganizes his inventory, he sees three wither skeleton heads. *Huh*. What are the odds? He suddenly gets a good idea.

This was going to be a long night.



"I don't think I'll play minecraft tonight," Clay suddenly decides.

"Hm?" A yawn. "Why not?"

Clay thinks about that. Why doesn't he want to play minecraft? He supposes it's because he's made so much progress on his world, the fun of it had just faded away. Playing with George and using plug-ins, on the other hand, was a newer and more entertaining experience.

"It's more fun playing with you," Clay answers, then to mask the genuity: "It's funny when you scream."

"You're *so* annoying."

Clay wheezes in success. "I'll just browse around online," he explains. "Who knows? Maybe I'll find something interesting and a pin will fall off."

Clay wishes George goodnight after getting permission to use his headphones. He's not sure what

he should be looking for. Music? Art? Sports games? Other minecraft channels? Out of curiosity, he does a little research on George and his friends' channels. He quickly realizes screaming is a thing George does on a normal basis. Clay likes it — he finds it hilarious for some reason. Maybe it was why George's channel was doing so well.

As Clay transitions from one video to the next, he pauses. There it is again: George sleep-talking.

“Claaay stop.”

Stop what? Clay wants to ask, but he just watches with piqued interest, seeing his friend's chest slowly rise and fall. Luca is curled up next to George's head.

“Grhh you're so annooooying... you know tha...?”

Clay raises an eyebrow, an amused smile growing on his face. This was fascinating. And, well... kind of cute. What the hell was George dreaming of? And what did Clay have to do with it?

There's a moment of silence, where it seems like George has calmed down. *“...Yeah.”* George whispers into the quiet room. Clay is pretty sure George is talking to him in his dream. He wonders what he asked, for George to give such a fond reply. He can feel the curiosity tingling in the palms of his hands.

After a moment of scratching his head, Clay returns to watching youtube videos. Still, the sight of George sleep-talking about him doesn't leave his mind for the remainder of the night.

Colorful Sun

Chapter Summary

Clay's hand latches onto George's sleeve before he knows what he's doing, stopping him. "No," he says. Why is he saying that? "No, um, we can stay here."

"But, the sunrise...?"

Clay isn't sure why he wants to stay either. He must seem so weird to George right now. But... "It's okay," he says anyway. "I want to watch it... with you."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I knew it, it's the beach!" Clay whoots as he runs across the pebbly shore. The beach looks wonderful, dimly lit by the half-moon hanging from the night sky. He's excited that George brought him here; it reminds him of the beaches in Orlando.

"You're such a kid!" George had shouted after him.

After the two argue about who's older, George finally sits and takes his surprise out of the basket. "Here you go. May your curiosity be satiated."

Clay accepts the sandwich. It's triangular in shape, neatly wrapped in cellophane. "Aww George... did you make these yourself?"

"Mmm, maybe." George seems pleased by Clay's reaction though.

Clay unwraps his sandwich, taking a bite. It's... good. There's tomatoes and lettuce and ham and cheese and... mayo? Interesting. Clay can't believe George took the time to buy so many ingredients and put them together.

"I didn't take you for a chef," Clay comments over a mouthful of sandwich, "What's the special occasion?"

"There isn't one," George replies. He's not looking at Clay, but Clay is looking at George. George, his face illuminated by the moonlight. *Pretty*, Clay thinks. "Just wanted to do something nice for you."

Clay huffs, smiling. But he doesn't say anything to that. He understands perfectly well, and his heart is warm.

When they finish the sandwiches, Clay stands up. "Hey George!" A shadow falls over his friend's face, but Clay ignores it. "Let's go in the water!"

"Maybe we shouldn't..."

"Aww c'mon, *George!*" Clay's already slipping his shoes off, patting down his swim trunks. "This was your idea, wasn't it?"

“Well, now I’m having second thoughts. That water looks freezing.”

Clay grabs George’s arm and, with a surprising lack of resistance, manages to drag his friend to the water’s edge. The stones are cool and bumpy under his bare feet. He gives George a reassuring smile, putting his bare feet into contact with the waves and... *oof*. Okay. It is a *little* cold.

“Look see? It’s fine! It’s not that bad.”

Some of the doubt leaves George’s expression. “I guess...”

“Go, take off your shoes and join me!”

Soon enough, he and George are standing side-by-side in the water. George, however, openly expresses his complaints towards the cold. It’s amusing as hell, watching George freak out over some water. Clay continues to feign ignorance over the cold, wading deeper into the water. He’s already thrown off all his clothes other than his swim trunks.

George is just watching, refusing to follow. “Come *on*, George!” Clay laughs, splashing some harmless water in his friend’s direction. George jumps like he’s seen a ghost, which only makes Clay laugh more.

George finally pulls off his top, but his arms move immediately over his torso, like he’s covering himself. Clay frowns at the action. It could’ve been taken as a reaction to the cold, but Clay knows better, if George’s quickened descent into the water was anything to go by.

Don’t hide yourself, Clay almost says. But he doesn’t. The butterflies stop him.

“Oh my god, wait,” George’s voice is shaky from the cold, but he’s giggling, “You’re taller than me! That’s unfair!”

Clay cracks a smile. “All’s fair in love and war!” Then he proceeds to douse George in water.

“*C-Clay!*” His friend sputters. Clay wheezes at his friend’s defenseless shouts, but shrieks when the waves turn on him, soaking him next.

“Take that!”

“Oooh,” Clay teases, already preparing his next strike, “you’re *on*.”

A great water battle ensues, with Clay dominating the battle. It’s no fault of George’s, rather, Clay just has a really good idea of what he’s doing. Chasing George around as he screams is just so *funny*. Plus, the mask is a big help, acting as free goggles. He denies it when George presses charges against him though. All bonuses given to him are ones he’ll take.

Adrenaline pumps through him, his heart thundering wildly. It fires him up, makes him excited, and he *loves* it. He captures George with ease and, by that end, he knows could’ve emerged victorious. But he lets George off easy, falling off his back from one measly splash of his friend’s.

“Uh... Clay?”

Clay shakes the water droplets out of his hair. “Hm?”

“Um, I think... you’re missing a pin?”

Clay’s mouth falls open. Then he checks for himself. “Two, three, four, five... oh my god.” Clay bursts into a smile, spreading his arms wide. “George! I did lose one!”

“I swear, do *not* pounce on me—”

Clay ignores the warning, taking it as an invitation to tackle his friend. What could George do to stop him, anyway? He giggles at the sound of George’s grumbling. “I lost another pin, George! We’re actually halfway to breaking the curse!”

It takes Clay a second to realize what he just said, and his spirits suddenly dampen upon remembering something he forgot. *Almost* forgot. But George doesn’t notice, merely shrugging him off. “Yeah yeah, you big doofus. Get off of me.”

“Aw, you don’t wanna play more?”

“Not if it means fighting against you. You’re a *menace*, Clay.”

Clay chuckles, following George back to the shore and accepting a towel. The two sit in silence for a moment, drying themselves off. The adrenaline from the water fight has long since worn off. What Clay said earlier is still nagging at him. He can feel the urge to talk to George about it, right at the tip of his tongue.

I’m lying to you. There’s more to the curse, George. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.

But George interrupts him before he can open his mouth. “Do you like sunrises?”

“Not really, no,” Clay sighs at himself, pulling his shirt back on. The moment to speak had passed. “Why? Are we gonna watch the sun come up?”

“Dunno,” George answers. Then, “Why don’t you like it?”

Clay curls up on himself. He suddenly feels shy answering. “It’s just... a shitty reminder.”

“Oh.” A beat of silence. George moves to get up, and Clay’s heart stutters. “Maybe we should leave then—”

Clay’s hand latches onto George’s sleeve before he knows what he’s doing, stopping him. “No,” he says. Why is he saying that? “No, um, we can stay here.”

“But, the sunrise...?”

Clay isn’t sure why he wants to stay either. He must seem so weird to George right now. But... “It’s okay,” he says anyway. “I want to stay.”

George slowly sits back down. Their shoulders are touching again. Clay feels relieved. “Um, are you sure?”

“Yeah,” Clay replies. His mask is facing the horizon, but his eyes are pointed towards George. “I want to watch it... with you.”

George turns a shade of marvelous pink. Clay smiles behind his mask, feeling weirdly happy. Why is he so happy, when he doesn’t deserve to be?

“O-okay.”

George’s gaze returns to the horizon, but Clay’s eyes never leave George. He props his mask on his arms and watches as George’s already flushed face glows orange from the sky’s light. God, George is... George is so *colorful*. He’s the most colorful person Clay knows.

Clay isn't sure when, or how, he fell. This hadn't been part of the plan. He had only wanted to enjoy whatever life he had left. He hadn't expected to find *hope*. Never expected to create connections, much less *feelings*, just days before his last.

"It really is beautiful," Clay says, and he can't help the twinge of bitterness that enters his voice, knowing that the chances of him having *this* are just so low. Are just near zero, when his curse has other factors that even George doesn't know about.

George turns to look at Clay, and for a second, Clay is worried that George *knows*. Knows that Clay is looking. Knows that Clay thinks he is colorful.

But to his surprise, George looks straight at him when he says, "Yeah." A blink. "Beautiful."

Clay flushes, but thankfully, the color doesn't show on his cheeks. He's already a doll again.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo I was recently told monetary-advertising was not good for this site ^^;; (Thank you to the reader who informed me of this, who knows what giant bullet I might've just dodged...)

So in that case... come follow my tumblr instead? I literally just made it lmaooo:
<https://peppdream.tumblr.com>

I've also literally never used social media before, so forgive me if I appear to have no idea what the heck I'm doing. :) I'm planning on just posting rambles and song/video suggestions... or previews for upcoming stories? >u> Who knows... I'll figure it out, haha~

Rain In Your Eyes

Chapter Summary

“What’s so funny?”

“Your mask,” George answers, but Clay is still confused. His friend brings his thumb up to Clay’s face. “It looks like it’s crying.”

Clay’s heart stutters, wrenching at the words.

George is so pretty, he thinks he really *might* cry.

George raises his eyebrows. “Your pin fell off because of... coding minecraft plug-ins?”

“I guess so!”

“...How is that not cheating?” His friend laughs. “You lost a pin because of minecraft, *twice*.”

“*No*,” Clay indignantly crosses his arms. Coding wasn’t the same as minecraft. They were closely related, but they were not the *same*. “It’s *different*.”

“Whatever you say,” George chuckles. “At least you only have four pins left! You’re so close!”

“Oh...” Clay blinks at that. Right... four left. That was close, wasn’t it? To George it would certainly look that way. But how many days did he even have left? Five? Four? Could he really call that being close?

He realizes George is waiting for an answer, so he replies, “um, yeah, I guess so.”

George appears put-off by Clay’s strange response, but his attention is quickly pulled away to the window. “Is that *rain* I hear?” He asks incredulously.

Clay can hear the rain too, pattering on the window. Suddenly he has a great idea. “*Hey George...*”

“No.”

Clay wheezes, delighted at George’s frank expression. “George! I didn’t even *say* anything yet!”

“I don’t need to know what you’re going to say to know you’re up to no good.”

Clay snickers at George’s very accurate guess. His friend really knew him too well. But... “It’s not like you can stop me, you know?”

“Wha—” But Clay is already running. His shoes are already on, so all he needs to do is wrench the front door open and flee. (He quickly checks to make sure Luca is nowhere nearby before leaving though.) He can hear George screaming his name behind him, but he pays him no mind, letting raindrops soak into his skin. Laughter bubbles up to the surface of Clay’s throat. He loves it out here. He’s going to get George to join him no matter what.

“Clay, what the fuck! ”

Oh. What a disappointment. George is holding an umbrella, totally ruining all the fun. “*George*, this feels *amazing* ! Put away the umbrella!” Clay demands.

“No,” his friend refuses, trying to catch Clay and tug him under too. But Clay dodges out of the way, George’s hand barely nicking his hoodie. “Get under the umbrella! You’re going to get soaked!”

Clay is already soaked, so he finds the whole ordeal to be pretty pointless. Still, he needs to keep George chasing after him. “But that’s what makes it fun~” He teases.

When George turns his attention away for a moment, grumbling over the wet ends of his pants, Clay draws near with his ninja stealth and plucks the umbrella straight out of his hands. George looked as if someone stole his entire bank account.

“Clay! Give it back!”

Clay closes the umbrella and sticks out his tongue, giggling at George’s face. “Then come and get it~” he goads.

“Oh my god, Clay! ”

Almost like a rehash of their beach day, Clay finds himself winning by a large margin. George just isn’t up to par with him, but despite knowing this (he *has* to know by now, it’d be ridiculous if he didn’t), he still tries so hard to fight. And that’s one of the reasons Clay likes him so much: George’s knack for persevering in the face of impossibility was admirable. But it was also funny, which was definitely a plus. Clay finally lets George nab him when he looks thoroughly soaked.

“Now look what you’ve done,” George groans, gesturing at himself. Clay giggles.

“It’s refreshing though, isn’t it?”

Clay waits for a response, but George doesn’t say anything. He’s just staring at Clay. And Clay is staring back, because George is pretty. His face is shiny with rain, and he has nice eyes. Such nice eyes, framed by dewdrops caught in his eyelashes. Clay wants to kiss the rain away from those eyelashes.

“Hm?” Clay snaps out of his daze when George laughs. “What’s so funny?”

“Your mask,” George answers, but Clay is still confused. His friend brings his thumb up to Clay’s face. “It looks like it’s crying.”

Clay’s heart stutters, wrenching at the words. George is so pretty, he thinks he just *might* cry. He should really say something. He should really tell George about the *full* curse. But... but... George’s smile is also pretty. He doesn’t want that smile to go away. He doesn’t want to be the cause of that.

“I guess it’s time we should head back, huh?” Clay says instead.

“What.” George’s mouth falls wide open with shock. “*Now* you say that? *After* I’ve been completely soaked?”

“I’m soaked too.”

“Yeah, but this was *your* stupid idea. At least I brought an umbrella!”

The two bicker all the way back to the apartment, but they take their time. George won’t admit it, but Clay knows he likes the rain too. It’s not too heavy nor too light, creating a perfect mix ideal for rain dancing. It’s cool and refreshing, tingly on their skin like a fairy’s massage. It’s really nice.

“I call dibs on shower first,” George announces once they’ve returned.

“Aw, what?” Clay pouts, “How come?”

“Because I was *dragged* into this, Clay. At the very least I should get first-shower privileges.”

Eh, fair enough. Clay sets the umbrella down somewhere and waits. It doesn’t take that long. In just a few minutes, George is already done, handing Clay another set of clothes to wear as well. When Clay is alone in the bathroom, he presses the clothes George lent him up to his nose.

...Smells like George, Clay decides. He likes that.

The water is already warm when he steps in. Clay hasn’t used a shower in a while, so it’s actually a very nice experience. The warmth soaks into his cold limbs, sending a warm sensation throughout his body. Clay takes his time, thoroughly enjoying the shower, until his hand passes over the back of his head and he feels something missing.

A pin! ...another pin fell!

Suddenly, Clay is scrambling to finish. He jumps out of the shower, quickly dries himself, throws on his clothes. “George!” He exclaims, exiting the bathroom, “one of my pins...!”

George is grinning, holding up the very pin in discussion. “Yep, I already know.”

The two head to the living room, and Clay melts when he sees that George had prepared hot chocolate for the two of them. Seriously, his friend was the biggest softie in the world.

Clay wouldn’t trade him for anyone.

They hang out on the couch and talk for ages. It’s a good distraction. It helps Clay forget that he only has a few days left, stops him from saying anything rash. He *can’t* confess. He can’t do that to George, on the off-chance he might end up leaving forever. So, they just talk, hands warm from the mugs, sore throats soothed by the sweet chocolate. Clay is happy with this.

Around an hour in, George starts nodding off during the conversation. Instead of waking him, Clay falls silent and lets him sleep. He stealthily creeps to George’s room, grabs a blanket, and returns, draping the sheets over George’s sleeping form. Luca hops onto the middle cushion, not wanting to be left out, curling up into a sleeping position as well. They were all here together, like one big family.

Wearing a satisfied smile, Clay leans onto the other corner of the couch and follows suit, closing his eyes. This family would all be sleeping here tonight.

Close Hugs

Chapter Summary

“Clay, what’s the hold-up? Why won’t you come out?”

How much time has passed? George is too scared to check now. What if it’s been too long? What if it confirmed that George was stupid for waiting?

What if it proved George was crazy?

Chapter Notes

To make it fair, I’m writing chapter 7 in George’s POV! Enjoy~

Oh. George notices the time out the corner of his eye. It’s a couple minutes past midnight. He’s amazed Clay hasn’t tried to scare him with a surprise attack yet.

“Hey Clay—” George had begun to say, but he stops when he realizes there is no sight of Clay. His bed is deserted of any human beings. Only the doll sits there.

Um... ok. This was awkward. For a moment George just sits there, staring, feeling as if looking long enough would somehow cause Clay to appear. Clay was kind of late tonight, wasn’t he? It was just a couple minutes though, so it was probably nothing to worry about. George figures he can wait a little longer, so he turns back to his computer.

Those couple minutes quickly turn into twenty minutes. George stands from his chair, scoots over to his bed. Still just a doll. George is confused. He scratches his head, wondering what he should do. Yesterday night had been a Clay day, so tonight was supposed to be a sleep day. He was therefore under no obligation to wait for Clay’s transformation.

Even still... George wanted to wait. He wanted to see Clay, and wish him goodnight. There’s a stinging urge that tells him to, so he waits, sitting criss-cross on his bed. It can’t be much longer now. Clay has to be here soon.

Minutes stretch on. Clay does not appear. “Hey,” George says teasingly, flicking the edge of Clay’s torso, “When are you coming out?” No response.

Twenty minutes of waiting turns into forty. George is becoming nervous. It’s been way too long now... past what was acceptable, anyway. Did something happen to Clay? George narrows his eyes at the doll’s smiley, wondering what Clay is up to. “Clay, if this is some joke of yours... stop.”

Still no response.

Luca has crawled onto the bed as well, appearing to have sensed George’s distress. George pets his cat to distract himself from the doll. It was almost an *hour* now. Surely, Clay wouldn’t pull a prank

to that extent of time?

“Clay,” George prompts again, when the hour mark has passed, “Clay, what’s the hold-up? Why won’t you come out?”

No response.

George’s voice is beginning to wobble. He can’t control it — he’s worried. Was there some sort of realistic explanation for this that George didn’t know about? Maybe an exception in the curse that he was unaware of? An unknown variable that they hadn’t considered?

“Clay,” George tries again, tapping the doll’s head, “*Clay*. ”

Responseless.

Okay, now George was scared. *Really* scared. He wants to pace the room, but he’s afraid Clay might be looking. But if Clay could look, why wasn’t he awake? Why didn’t he become human yet?

“Luca,” George starts, “Clay will come back, right?”

His cat meows at him, bumping into his hand. The room feels empty. So empty. Was midnight always this lonely? Maybe George looked forward to it too much. Now that he was disappointed, the crash of the void sent him crazy.

The doll is just so *small*. It’s Clay, but it’s nothing *like* Clay. It doesn’t fill up nearly enough of the emptiness on George’s bed. There’s just so much *room*, but George’s heart feels like it’s squeezing from the lack of it. Empty, full, empty, full. George’s head just can’t seem to decide.

How much time has passed? George is too scared to check now. What if it’s been too long? What if it confirmed that George was stupid for waiting?

What if it proved George was crazy?

George’s hands are beginning to sweat now. “Luca, tell me. Am I crazy?” His cat doesn’t reply. “Luca, is Clay real?”

It seems like such a stupid question.

But the longer George stares at that doll, the longer the emptiness swallows him whole, the more he doesn’t know the answer.

Of course Clay is ~~not~~ real.

What?

George shuts his eyes, hiding his face in his hands. Take deep breaths, or his mind might explode. Think about this clearly. “C’mon Clay,” he mumbles through his hands. Of course his friend is real. He rode George around on a bike, he ate George’s sandwiches, he took George’s umbrella.

But if he’s real, why won’t he show up?

George doesn’t have an answer for that. He feels twitchy all over. Restless. Afraid. “Clay.” George calls for him. “Clay. Clay. Clay. *Clay*. ”

He feels so stupid, talking to a lifeless doll. It’s like he’s grasping at strings here, but the ropes

have been cut from the source, and now he was just falling. So much space. So empty. So pressing. No room and too much room. Space, crushing, white room gone

void crushing

black

empty

lonely

“Clay!” George shouts, because it’s the only name he knows to call. “God, *please ... Clay! This isn’t funny!*”

Please tell me I didn’t make him up, George prays, feeling like he’s lost his sanity. *Please let this just be a stupid dream.*

“Clay!” He whimpers, because ever so slowly, the hope is slipping through his fingers like sand. “Clay, please... *please...*”

The bed sinks. “George!”

George snaps his head up, inhales so loudly that his lungs burst from being empty so long.

“*Oh my god.*”

A mirage, a mirage... no, no. Wait. Blonde hair. That stupid mouth. That’s really Clay.

“CLAY!” George shrieks, “WHAT THE *FUCK.*”

And then he’s blabbering like an idiot, all his worries spilling out like a tsunami, washing out the emptiness inside him, the void that was left unfilled turning into a name. *Clay* is what his heart screams back at him. *Clay is real.*

“George, I’m fine!” Clay interrupts him. “I just spent a lot of today awake, is all, so I was really sleepy. I hadn’t realized it was already midnight.”

The relief hits George so hard, he feels like crying. *Clay is real*, his head chants. “WHY.” George moans, “This has never happened before! How the *fuck* was I supposed to know you were just *sleeping* ?!”

“George, I need you to calm down. I’m right here, okay? I’m fine. You’re fine.”

But George can’t calm down. He so badly wants Clay to know how... how *empty* he felt when he was gone. He so badly needs his friend to understand. He *needs* Clay to understand that this *can’t happen again. Ever.*

“Don’t *ever* do that again, Clay,” George whispers. “*Please. Promise* me you won’t do that again.”

Clay nods. “I-I promise.”

Okay. “Good,” George lets out a shaky breath, finally at ease. God, he’s fine. Clay’s fine? Everything is going to be fine.

George is so tired.

Clay opens his arms. "Come here," he says.

And because George needs him, and because he's waited so long, he lets himself have this. Wrapped up in Clay's arms like a burrito, warm and cozy, safe and sound. The emptiness in him flattens out until it becomes a pancake, sweet and soft, because that's what Clay is. Clay always does that to George's loneliness, turning it into something intangible, like a faraway dream.

George is sleepy, and because Clay is finally safe, George sleeps.

Trusting

Chapter Summary

George then quickly wipes his hands over Clay's arm. Because he had rolled up his sleeves to eat, Clay can feel the tingle of electricity where George's skin had come into contact with his.

Clay jumps from the strange sensation. "What, EW! GEORGE!"

"That's what you GET for dissing blueberries."

"Is that chicken noodle soup?" Clay asks.

"Yes," George answers, popping the lid off the cans. "Bad said it would be better to cook it from scratch, but frankly, I haven't got a clue how to make it, and the whole process would take too long. We're better off just taking the shortcut."

Clay doesn't show it, but he's honestly worried. Not about himself, though. He's a little nervous, but he's always been nervous, and nothing about his situation has changed. He knows the chances of him breaking the curse are low. Not impossible, just... very low.

What he's more worried about is George. Just one look at his friend and he knew. His movements were too quick, almost haphazard, limbs jerking from place to place, rushing rushing *rushing* like he was running out of time. He moved like *he* was the one with the curse, and not Clay.

Clay's point is proven as George tries to take the soup out the microwave. "Here we g— *Ow!* What the fuck, it's *hot*."

Clay chuckles. God, it's so *obvious* George is rushing for him. Even as he takes the bowl out, his eyes are already moving to his room, mind on the next task at hand, as if he *knew* the soup wouldn't be enough for a pin. But Clay lets George do his thing. His friend is trying to help, and Clay is being pretty useless, so. The least Clay can do is cooperate.

Clay grabs a spoon and sips soup while George is gone. Okay, not too bad. When George returns, Clay finds his arms filled with... art supplies? "What're these for?" Clay asks through a mouthful of noodles.

"I printed a bunch of crosswords, mazes, word searches." Clay watches as George rearranges the color pencils, in a poorly lined-up version of a rainbow. Probably the colorblindness to blame. "There's a couple blank sheets in there too, if you wanna draw something."

Clay gives a small smile. The kitchen now looks like a kindergarten. "This is stupid."

"Well, at least I'm *trying*."

Clay sighs a little. "Yeah... I know. Um, you wanna join me?"

George drags a stool over and they start working on a wordsearch first. Clay has a quick eye, so he spots most of them right away. He likes to pretend he doesn't though, just to make George struggle

a bit, then circle the answer right in front of his eyes. Clay wheezes every time George groans complaints.

“Hey Luca~” Clay had cooed when George’s cat leapt up onto the counter. “You wanna help us out here?”

Luca meows at Clay, affectionately head-butting his arm. George looks like he wants to say something, but he doesn’t. Instead, he hands Clay a crossword, apparently having given up on trying to beat Clay in the wordsearch department.

But Clay quickly realized he wasn’t cut out for crosswords. Having memory loss kind of ruined any chances of success he had with it. So he reverted to solving mazes. They were surprisingly easy; with a single glance, he could sort of tell what the right path was, and he was usually right with his guesses. By the time George had completed one crossword, Clay had finished all the mazes George prepared, much to the shock of his friend.

Clay’s just glad that George has calmed down. His body is a lot more relaxed compared to earlier.

It’s only when they begin doodling that Clay realizes George is left-handed. He hadn’t noticed before, somehow. Maybe it was because their hands barely collided, despite sitting right next to each other. Clay likes knowing George is left-handed. Something about opposites attracting, or some dumb thing like that. It also added to the list of things that made George unique: a color-blind, british, left-handed boy who also happened to like minecraft and was the nicest person ever. His friend was one in a million. Clay doubted he could find anyone even *remotely* like George.

“Clay, you’re *shit* at drawing.”

Clay realizes he had been too lost in his thoughts. His subconscious had just drawn a depiction of his doll-self on the page. He silently agreed with George — it was a bad drawing.

But he wasn’t going to admit it anytime soon. “You’re one to talk!” He exclaims, poking fun at George’s drawing. It’s actually kind of cute — it’s a minecraft dog doodle, but the collar is the wrong color (brown). Probably the colorblindness again.

They eventually decide to leave the final judgment up to George’s friends. While George is distracted, Clay gets an idea. He slips the drawings out from under George’s nose and magnets them to the fridge.

“Clay!” George smiles at Clay’s antics, “What are you *doing*?”

Clay snickers. “Putting them on the fridge.”

There isn’t a response. “George?” Clay turns from the drawings, sees George flicking through his phone. His shoulders are all tense-looking again, the previously relaxed atmosphere gone. Clay frowns, realizing George was thinking about the curse again.

“You know what? Since you seemed so against canned soup, we’re going to do some actual cooking now.”

“...Really?” Clay asks. “What’re you planning on making?”

“Pancakes.”

And, well, okay. Clay is a little excited to hear that. Breakfast in the middle of the night? It sounded like a fantastic idea. He’s made them before (probably), so he has some experience. He

was completely looking forward to it (even if George was an idiot, having forgotten to get measuring cups).

“Now we add the blueberries.”

“What, *blueberries*? ” Clay stops George just before he pours the offending berries into the batter. “Are you *crazy*? Chocolate chips are obviously better!”

“This isn’t about what’s *better*, Clay,” George retorts. “It’s about blueberries being *healthier*—”

“Oh, so you admit chocolates have a better taste,” Clay smirks.

George pauses, blinking. “Wait. N-no... that’s not it.”

“George, we’re trying to make the *best pancakes ever*! And that means tossing health concerns out the window.” And before George can stop him, Clay has dumped the chips into the bowl. Then they fight over whether they should include both ingredients, and Clay ends up agreeing... under the condition that George could successfully flip one pancake.

“You’re not gonna make it,” Clay predicts.

“I *will* make it,” George had grumbled in response, readying his hand on the pan’s handle, “This is easy.”

He flips the cake. It lands on the pan folded, like a sad omelette, half hanging off the edge. Clay bursts into laughter, wheezing as George barely manages to rescue the cake by sliding it back to the center of the pan with gravity.

“*George!* What happened to ‘*this is easy*’??”

“Sh-shut up.” His friend’s face is pink. “I was just unlucky.”

Clay is still laughing. George is hilarious. To his credit, he doesn’t try to flip them again, leaving the next pancake’s life up to Clay. It was obvious that George was aiming for some sort of revenge, hoping to see Clay fail as miserably as he did. Clay nails the first one though. And then he gets into a groove, nailing each one after that.

“*This is easy* ~” Clay had mock-mirrored, causing his friend to roll his eyes.

Clay is so busy showing off his skills that he accidentally burns a few. Oops. It’s fine though, because they mask the burnt with gallons of maple syrup. It’s kind of sickeningly sweet, but Clay loves it. He loves that he can enjoy this with George at such an ungodly hour.

“Told you chocolate chips were better,” Clay jabs.

“Ew,” his friend playfully swats him, “don’t *talk* while you’re eating! And, *no*, blueberries are still better.”

“You’re just biased because blue’s your favorite color,” Clay deducts, chewing his last piece.

“Am *not*.” George then quickly wipes his hands over Clay’s arm. Because he had rolled up his sleeves to eat, Clay can feel the tingle of electricity where George’s skin had come into contact with his.

Clay jumps from the strange sensation. He realizes a little too late that George had rubbed syrup all over him. “What, *ew!* *George!* ”

“That’s what you *get* for dissing blueberries.”

And then Clay was chasing his friend everywhere around the apartment, George shrieking like a child as he ran. He had probably known what he was getting himself into, when he instigated that attack. Clay admires George’s courage... or idiocy. It was one of the two. Weirdly enough, Clay finds both of those qualities endearing on George.

“Wha— *Clay! What the hell!* ”

Clay had managed to trap George against the couch, and with a hint of finality, he languidly wiped the syrup on his arm back onto George’s face. “That’s what you get for disrespecting chocolate chips,” Clay chuckles. Everywhere their skin is touching, his arm sparks in tingles.

“God, now I’m *sticky* all over. Clay, get *off*. I need to wash my face!”

Clay likes where he is though, pressed up against George, their faces inches apart. “Nah,” he decides, “I don’t want to.”

“Clay. ”

“I’m actually pretty comfortable here,” Clay continues, watching as George’s face blooms over with pink.

“*Clay!*”

Clay laughs, and finally relents, letting George go. He’s teased his friend enough. As George rushes to the bathroom, Clay feels the tingles on his skin leaving him. He already misses George’s touch. He kind of wants to trap him against the couch again, but it’d be weird to just do it out of the blue.

Clay recalls what George had told him yesterday. That he needs to trust his friend. And Clay does trust George, that his friend will do his best to break his curse. And faced with those words, Clay would be a coward to say nothing, right?

Clay hears George exiting the bathroom. “Hey, George?”

“Yeah?”

This was a bad idea— “I never told you why that pin fell off, right?”

There’s a pause in the air. “Yeah?”

Clay can feel George’s eyes on him. Yeah, okay, this was maybe a bad idea. “Um...” It wasn’t too late to back out now, was it?

“Just spit it out, Clay.”

Well. Okay, he was too far in now. Clay can feel his hands sweating. Here goes nothing.

“It was cuddling, George.”

Clay peers at George out the corner of his eye, watches as his eyes widen. “What?”

“That night, when you fell asleep in my arms... um, I don’t know if you remember it. You were exhausted, you just knocked yourself out. We were, uh, kind of cuddling at that point, and the pin fell off then.”

“...oh.” Clay closely watches George’s reaction. His face has flushed bright pink again. “Um, okay. So...?”

“You don’t think it’s weird?” Clay tests the waters. When George shyly shakes his head, Clay feels a little braver. “So... would you be willing to do it again?”

“Again?”

“Again,” Clay gulps.

“...right now?”

“Whenever you want.”

Clay waits with bated breath, watching George’s face morph into several different expressions. There must be a lot of things running through his head. Clay himself is going a little crazy from waiting.

“Um... I’d be okay with right now, if you’re okay with it.”

The butterflies burst in Clay’s chest, igniting the light in his heart. Clay is glad. “Is the couch okay?”

At George’s nod, Clay leans into the corner of the couch and offers his arms again. George’s face is uncertain, but he seems determined. Clay’s heart is beating out of his chest when George finally, *finally*, falls into his arms. Clay melts at his friend’s embrace, feeling like he’s just been graced with the warmth of something magical. This is different from two days ago. That time, they had been afraid and anxiety-ridden, seeking comfort as a source of relief.

Now, with sparks flying off his skin, Clay knew. They sought comfort because they trusted each other.

“Clay,” George speaks up, looking at Clay with those beautiful brown eyes of his, “Clay, I...” his words seem stuck in his mouth.

Clay cups his cheek, and decides to help him out a little. “George. Do you love me?”

George licks his lips. His very kissable lips. “I think...” he grins, lighting up fireworks in Clay’s heart, “I think I always have.”

My Mask

Chapter Summary

There's yellows, whites, purples. Clay doesn't know a lot about flowers nor their names, but he sees the lilacs, and by some faded memory, he knows what they represent, and it makes him smile.

Because lilacs represent first love.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Flowers...?" Clay echoes, accepting the bouquet from George. "George, are you...?"

There's yellows, whites, purples. Clay doesn't know a lot about flowers nor their names, but he sees the lilacs, and by some faded memory, he knows what they represent, and it makes him smile.

"That's the only thing I prepared today," George warns. "So... there is no plan. We're going to use your idea."

Clay doesn't know whether to be glad or worried. But he would like to think they were going down the right path. "Okay." Then, "Thank you for the flowers, George."

As George slips on a jacket, Clay notices something. His friend is shaking. It's not obvious, at all. Clay thinks most people wouldn't notice it. But Clay *knows* George, so he sees everything. He can see just how nervous his friend is. Clay is nervous too, but having to constantly feel it has made him dull to the emotion. Now it's just an unpleasant buzzing in his ear, a shitty reminder of the fate that awaits him.

Clay is allowed to feel nervous, because he's been nervous all his life. But George *couldn't* afford to be nervous. He was their support in this situation. Of the two of them, George had to hope enough for both of them, or they'd have no chance of success.

Knowing this, Clay asks, "Remember when you rented that bike? And you rode on the pegs behind me?" He recalls the wind whipping through his hair, George's nice hands on his shoulders. He wishes they could do that again.

George appears confused. "Yeah, of course."

Clay racks his brain for more examples. "You remember when you got soaked, chasing me in the rain?" He thinks about George's pretty eyes, his shining face, his nice laughter. He wants to see more of his friend, all the time.

"Obviously?"

Clay smiles a little sadly. "Do you remember how I got into coding because of that one video we shot together?" He wanted to learn it for the sake of playing more minecraft with George.

"Yes, Clay, I *remember*. Of course I remember. Why are you bringing up all these things now?"

“Because all those things were *unplanned*, George. The pins that fell then were always pleasant surprises, because those chances spawned on accident.” Clay offers George a smile. A fake smile. “I *know* we can do this, George. We just have to believe in it.”

“Okay... okay.” George isn’t shaking anymore. Clay considers it a win. “We can do this. Let’s... keep walking.”

Clay simultaneously expects something and nothing. He trusts both George and his curse. He’s stuck... in a perpetual battle between hoping and not hoping. One he’s done all year, the other he’s done in and out over the past week. Clay doesn’t know what to feel.

All he knows is that he wants to enjoy his last day.

“Hey George,” Clay prompts, once they’ve stepped upon a bridge. Clay stares at the shiny reflection of the shimmering water, wondering if this is the last time he’ll stand next to George like this. “Wasn’t the moon half-full when we went to the beach for the first time?” He recalls the different shades of George’s skin, both in the moonlight and the sunrise. It’s a pretty image.

“Um, yeah? I think so.”

“Didn’t I also lose half of my pins by that day?”

A beat of silence, where George appears to be deciphering Clay’s words. “...You think that a full moon means we’ll break your curse?”

Oh. Clay actually *hadn’t* thought about that. “Wouldn’t that be pretty neat though?” He huffs.

They look out at the sky. Clay likes the stars. He thinks he wouldn’t mind too much if it ended here for him. The first pin started with the stars, and the last day it would end with the stars. George is with him. This would be the best way to go. He was happy with this.

“Clay,” George interrupts the silence, so suddenly, that Clay jumps a little. “Why aren’t you *scared*? Why... how are you so *calm* right now?”

And then the peace shatters, and Clay *isn’t* happy anymore. Because of *course* he’s not okay with disappearing. Of course he wants to stay, ride more bikes with George, eat more pancakes with George, play more games with George, do *everything* with George. He managed to lie to himself for so long, but now that they were hours, maybe even *minutes* away from the end, Clay couldn’t hold his peace. His lies just... fell apart.

Clay hides his mask in his hands. “I’m sorry, George. I suggested that we do this. If this fails—” Not *if*, his brain corrects. *When*. “—and I become a doll, don’t... don’t blame yourself for this, okay? It’s my fault.”

“Clay...” George whispers. “*Clay*, ” he repeats, when Clay doesn’t answer.

“George...”

“Clay, I’m *not* giving up on you.”

Clay can feel water pooling at the edge of his eyes. *Hold it in*, he thinks, *be brave. Accept your end standing tall*. “Really, it’s okay, George.”

“I’m *not* giving up on you!” George shouts, and Clay looks up, surprised at the intensity of his voice. “Because... *because*...”

“Because...?”

His best friend looks down at the ground, a pause appearing between his words. There’s electricity in the air. “Because...” he finally continues, “because I’m in *love* with you, Clay. For so long, it’s always been *you*.”

Dreams and reality suddenly mesh together, forming a tangled mess. Clay’s breath is caught in his throat. His head is swimming, drowning in words that aren’t his—

“George, *Do you love me?*”

George licks his lips. His very kissable lips. “I think... I think I always have.” George swallows. “You know I love you, right?”

Clay grins. His heart is brimming with love. He loves George. He loves him so much that it hurts. “I— He stops. He can’t say it. Why can’t he say it?”

Clay cries. He cries, because his throbbing heart can’t imagine living in a world without George. He just wants to say it. Wants to hold George tight, and tell him he loves him. Because lilacs represent first love.

The answer had always been there, right in front of him.

“I—” George swallows. “I love you, Clay. And that’s why I *can’t* give up on you.”

A tingle of electricity fires up from the back of Clay’s neck. The band slips away, freeing the back of his head. A resounding *clunk* fills the silence between them, the mask clattering on the concrete. Clay watches as George slowly looks up, watches as his friend roves his eyes over Clay’s face, like he was memorizing every detail, like he was admiring every curve and color. Like he thought Clay was *perfect*.

Clay almost wipes the tears off his face, but he doesn’t. He’s done lying to himself. The mask is gone now. “I love you too, George.” He smiles, his heart brimming with love. He loves George so much. He wants to say it over and over again. “And I... I found it. The last thing that makes my life worth living for... It’s *you*.”

He then wraps George into his arms, and taking in the sight of his friend’s surprised pink lips, he finally lets himself do what he’s always wanted to do.

Chapter End Notes

;)

Today

Chapter Summary

“George, would you...” Clay pauses, turns back to his plate. “Hm...”

“What?”

“...Would you consider living together with me?”

Chapter Notes

For the last chapter, we're going to take a nose-dive into the future instead. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“It was really lonely here without Luca.”

Clay gives George a sympathetic look. “I’m sorry I wasn’t here, when you had to bring him to the vet...”

“It’s not your fault,” George mumbles, resting his forehead on Clay’s front. “There was... there was nothing you could’ve done.”

“Yeah, but... I should’ve *been* here, you know. As emotional support. Luca...” Clay sighs, playing with the hair at the back of George’s head. “Luca was my friend too. I wish I could’ve said goodbye to him.”

“Well,” George looks up, “You’re here *now*. That’s what counts, right?”

“Hmph,” Clay smiles, affectionately stroking George’s cheek with his thumb, “Yeah, I guess so.”



“Where do you want to go?”

“The bike rental,” Clay answers, and before George can interrupt him, he continues, “and the beach, the bridge, our minecraft house—”

“Clay, those aren’t *new* places.”

“I know.”

“You... you just want to revisit old places?” George frowns. “Actually?”

“Yeah,” Clay smiles, “Nostalgic places, you know? I miss them. I want to go see them again.”

“Hm... okay,” his boyfriend shrugs. “Your uber fee is fifty pounds.”

“What? George!” Clay laughs. “Don’t I get boyfriend privileges?”

“I’ve been driving you everywhere even *before* you became my boyfriend,” George points out. “*And...!* I paid for all your food too. Fifty is a small price.”

“Geooorge, it’s not my fault! *I can drive. I like to drive.* Just... not in the UK.”

“Exactly,” George responds smugly. “I’m your UK uber. Now hand over the fifty.”

Clay places his hand on George’s, stopping him from starting the car. “Can I exchange the currency?” He pleads.

“To what? USD?”

Clay wiggles his eyebrows. “To kisses.”

George blushes. “U-um,” he stumbles. “I dunno.”

“Geooorge,” Clay laughs, “let me trade it! Or I’m never going to pay you back.”

“Clay, you—”

“*Please*, George!”

“*F-fine*, okay,” George relents, letting a stupid smile take over his face. “If you want to. But it’s a one to one ratio of exchange. You owe me fifty still.”

Clay snickers. “You’re so *greedy*, George.”

“Clay, take it or leave it.”

“Hm~” Clay gives a freckled smile. “Fine, fine. I guess I owe a lot. Can I get one out of the way now?”

Before George has the time to respond, Clay has leaned over, pressing a chaste kiss to the edge of George’s eye. George’s face blooms a pretty pink. Clay’s happy to see it; he’d missed George’s constantly flustered expression.

“Now let’s go!”

“Y-yeah,” George laughs nervously. “Time to revisit the past.”



“I can’t believe you *learned to ride a bike*,” Clay huffs, kind of amused (but secretly quite proud).

“It’s so that I could ride next to you,” George answers dismissively, preparing to start the stream. He has a camera ready, but it’ll only point at him. “And riding on pegs is so *tiring*.”

“Ha, what? That time you were just sleepy,” Clay argues.

“*No*, it was rocky in general. My legs couldn’t keep me standing. Now shush, we’re starting the stream.” Clay obeys, but he’s still snickering. “Hey guys, welcome! Today, I have a special visitor~ I’ll be playing minecraft with...” George gestures for Clay to speak, but he just keeps giggling. “Come *on!* That was your cue!”

The chat floods with messages, trying to guess who the visitor is. A few stragglers here and there assume it must be Sapnap again, or Wilbur coming for a visit. But most of their viewers know straight away. Even though George had given no online clues to indicate Clay's arrival to the UK, they *had* been in a public relationship for a while already.

"You got me," Clay laughs, giving in after seeing he's been caught by the chat. He waves one arm in front of the camera, revealing his presence, but not his face. "It's Dream. I'm here."

The chat goes ballistic. George ignores it, telling Clay to log on to the same server as him. "You guys might be wondering why we're going back to this world," George prompts.

"Bonus points to you if you know what challenge we played here," Clay jokes.

They had already rode bikes from the bike rental, visited the beach where they launched fireworks, and mirrored their first kiss on the stone bridge. Now here they were, at their last reminiscent spot. It was the first minecraft world Clay had played with George for one of his videos.

"This is so *boring*," George groans. "It's just *moo moo meadows*. We didn't make anything interesting in this world."

"I could go punch a zombie pigman again," Clay offers, then wheezes at George's pained expression.

"*No* Dream, do *not*."

"Wait, *George!* Why did you leave?"

"I'm opening up the minecraft world *you* made," George replies, "It's much more interesting than what we're doing now."

"...which one?"

"The one you spent *all night* on, Dream." At Clay's look of confusion, George extrapolated, "You know. You put like seven hours into it? You basically did a speed-run, then defeated the wither, created a pillar to the sky..."

"Oh, *oh!* That one! I..." Clay grins, "you still *have* that?!"

"You made it on *my* minecraft account, and I didn't delete it. So it's just been sitting there. Here we go..." George opens up the world, and Clay's magnificent structures appear around his character. "Look at that, everybody. Dream is *sooo* extra."

"George, invite me! I wanna see too!"

"Look at that statue," George had continued, completely ignoring him. "That doll— I mean, that *um recreation* of himself. Dream, are you starting a cult?"

"*Geooooorge* INVITE ME."

George moves his character onto the next attraction. "I can't believe this tower's made of *obsidian*, seriously. I wonder if he mined them all out or used that lava bucket trick—"

George is suddenly tackled, and he falls out of his chair. "*D-Dream!* What the *hell!* "

Clay giggles on top of him. "You can't *ignore* me, George!"

Clay smiles, combing through his morning hair. On the table sits two plates of waffles. “*George*, you should’ve woken me up...! We could’ve made them together!”

“I didn’t want to wake you,” George shrugs, “You looked too cute to disturb.”

“Oh my *god*,” Clay wheezes, hugging his boyfriend around the waist, “*George*...”

“It was also to keep you from adding chocolate into the batter,” George adds after a moment.

“Oh sure,” Clay laughs. “Let me guess, blueberries?”

“It’s good, I swear!”

They fill each of the little cubicles with syrup, and Clay pokes fun at George’s inability to make *real* pancakes. George defends himself by showing off his measuring cups, which only makes Clay laugh harder. George’s face also becomes stickier over the course of breakfast, because Clay keeps giving him surprise kisses.

“I wish every morning could be like this,” Clay confesses.

George hums in agreement. “Even though you’re annoying as *hell*,” he huffs, causing Clay to chuckle, “I... I like this, too.”

“George, would you...” Clay pauses, turns back to his plate. “Hm...”

“What?”

“Would you consider living together with me?”

George blinks at him, a shy grin appearing on his face. “I think... I think I’d really like that.”

“*Really?*” Clay asks, and at George’s nod, he breaks out into a grin. “Wow. George, that makes me happy. Really, *so* happy. You could move to america with me, and it’d just be you, me, and Patches—” he pauses suddenly, seeing George’s surprised expression. “Um, unless you want to stay here. I could also—”

“*Clay*,” George laughs, interrupting him. “Are you suggesting I marry you?”

It’s one of those rare moments, where George manages to fluster Clay instead of the other way around. “W-well, ye— no. I mean... *George!*” Clay chuckles, appearing embarrassed. “I... I’m not *suggesting* anything. I mean, we *can* do that. Get yourself a green card, and... stuff.”

George laughs nervously, suddenly shy that he had joked about such a thing. “Um, maybe it’s a bit early to think about.”

“We definitely don’t have to decide anything right now,” Clay agrees, appearing relieved. “But, um. Have you thought about it? At all?”

“I... honestly, I dunno. It’s just so far off in the future. I guess I haven’t really.”

“Me neither,” Clay agrees. “But it’s okay. I mean, the curse is gone, right? We have all the time in the world.”

“Yeah,” George nods, smiling so brightly that his cheeks hurt from it. No more cursed dolls. No more magic pins. No more deadly deadline. It was just him and Clay, from now to forever. He presses a sticky kiss of his own onto Clay’s forehead. “Yeah, we do.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for joining me on this last journey guys :) Now The Dream Doll series finally comes to a close. I'm quite sad to see it go, but I loved the experience, and I hope you enjoyed the ride too!

A fun little note to add, The Dream Doll has grown to 1600+ kudos since, and holy shit. Wow. That's amazing(!!??) Thank you guys so much for your contributions, your comments, your love, idk, it just really makes this all worth it :D

If you liked this, be sure to check out my profile, I'm already starting my third DNF fic, and it's a spicy one ;)

Special thank you to lady_pomegranate, because your comments always light up my day, and ily <3

Have a fantastic day!! May the dream doll in our hearts grant you good dreams for years to come~

End Notes

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